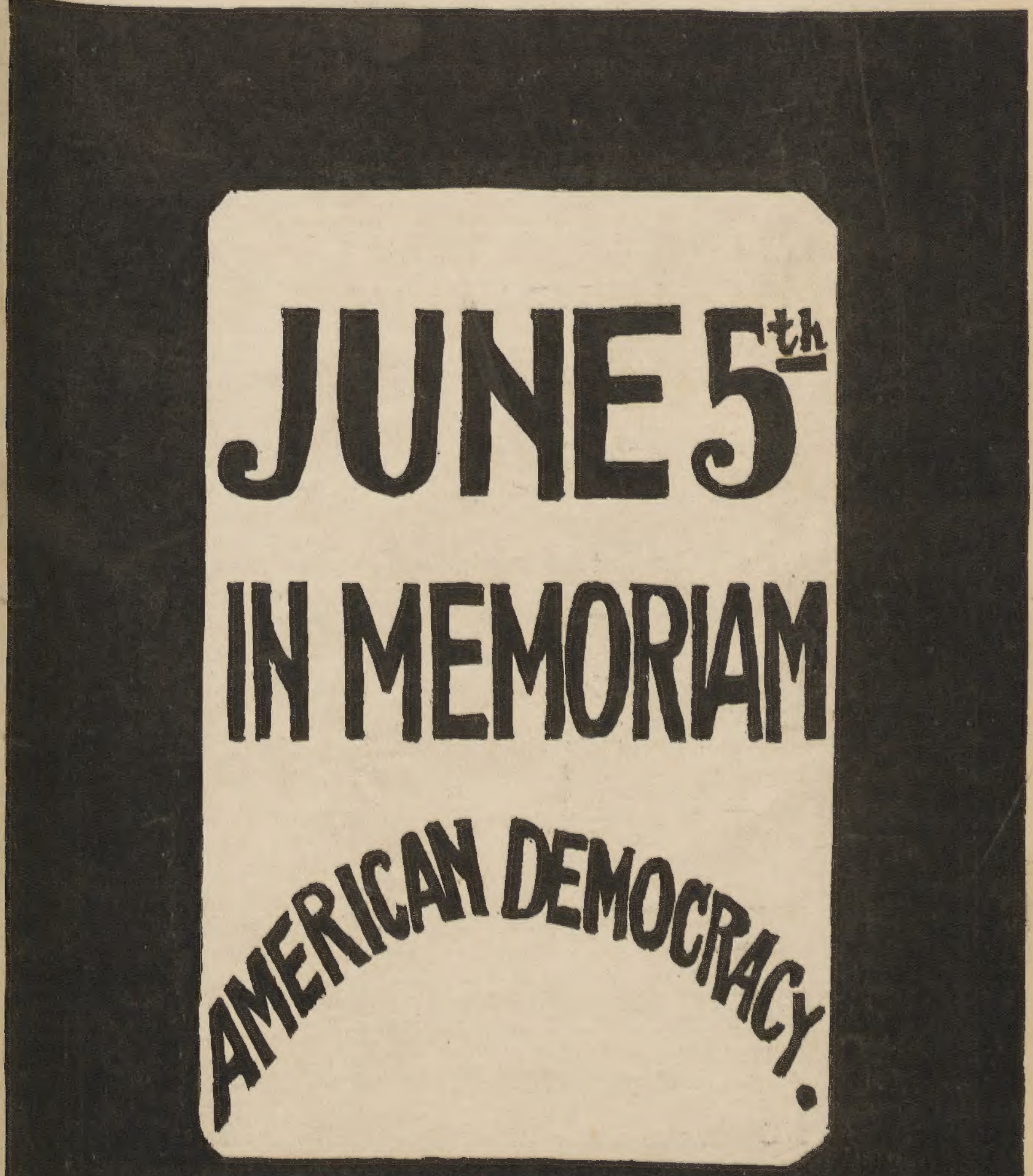
MOTHER EARTH

Vol. XII. June, 1917 No. 4



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Vol. XII **JUNE, 1917** **No. 4**

THE HOLIDAY

By Emma Goldman

ON JUNE 5th the Moloch Militarism will sit in pompous state awaiting its victims who are to be dedicated to its gluttonous appetite.

Surrounded by its high dignitaries, courtiers, vassals and lackeys, the monster will reach out for the youth of the land to be sacrificed on the altar of blood and iron, to the glory of God, the servitude of democracy.

Music will drown the groans and curses of the unwilling. Colors will obscure the burning eye of hate. Artificial holiday and merry making will mask the pale tragedy of those whose sons, brothers, lovers and friends are to be offered up for sacrifice on the tear-stained day of June 5th.

In Europe the day of registration for compulsory military service is a day of mourning. Fathers are filled with grim opposition. Mothers rend the air with plaints of despair. Even those who are forced to execute the dictate of their masters, look upon their task as a ghastly duty.

Not so democratic America. To her human tragedy has ever been a cause for rejoicing, whether it be the hanging of Anarchists, the shooting of strikers, the hounding of I. W. W., the lynching of negroes. It is a holiday participated in by a joy-drunk mob gloating over the agony of its victims. So, too, on the crucial day of June 5th democratic America will celebrate with song and dance and revelry, to the strains of deafening music and waving of flags, the funeral procession of 500,000 American youths, while the Moloch Militarism sits on his bloody throne ready to devour the sacrifice, yet proclaiming in loud dissonant tones: Praise unto Democracy! Glory unto War!

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

WHEN a man is equipped with a gun, several rounds of ammunition and permission to use both, we can understand the impatience in his trigger finger. But it is more difficult to comprehend those pedants, whom Randolph Bourne might call "intellectual practitioners" who have turned their minds into arsenals. Their explosives are the most dangerous, for they are subverting the accumulated and prepared thought of centuries into channels of destruction. So adroit are they in their unscrupulous paraphrasing that they have even been able to make of Tolstoi an ardent militarist.

By inheritance and by acquisition there has come to them the responsible privilege of guiding the youth of this country not toward greater destruction but toward greater self realization. In their choice of the former they have broken their trust and stand convicted of one of the worst of the war's atrocities. Those who will actually have to fight would do well not to listen to their professorial fulminations. Learned references, carefully selected quotations cannot lessen our instinctive abhorrence to war. The combined oratory and the treatises of such prominent educators as Professors Hibben of Princeton, Judson of Chicago, Hart of Harvard, Kirchweh and Stowell of Columbia and representatives of every other University in America will not counteract the influence of their great betê-noir-Internationalism.

The following from the New York *Times* in connection with the movement to enlist the aid of college professors to stimulate pro war sentiment is illuminating:

"Many prominent men who were unable to be present assured the committee by letter that a patriotic educational campaign would have their fullest co-operation, among them being President Hibben of Princeton and President Judson of the University of Chicago. In speaking of the object of the committee, Henry A. Wise Wood said:

"When things in a democracy go wrong, all that is needed is a little teaching. We know our people are all right, and when they fail to do the thing we know they ought to do we know it is because they are not fully in-

formed." Mr. Wood declared that a patriotic educational movement was needed in the schools, because his own experience had taught him that a great many teachers in this country had been waging a stubborn fight against preparedness and were persistently undermining patriotic propaganda by teaching the doctrines of internationalism."

The apathy of the American people toward the war is causing much concern. The flower of our educational institutions have pledged themselves to revive the dormant interest. Truly "lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

* * *

THE faith in legislative enactments and the miraculous working of the law is also responsible for the outrages now being perpetrated upon Labor.

After many years of struggle to secure labor protective laws, a few were finally placed on the statute books. True, they never really worked. Still, they were on paper, and could on occasion be emphasized by Labor leaders. But since America has entered the war for democracy, the efforts of forty years have been thrown on the political dung heap, and into the very face of Labor, so as to enable predatory patriots to exploit the workers more cruelly and without hindrance.

No longer is there to be an age limit for the sweating of children. No longer any consideration for sick, frail or pregnant women. The country needs them all: it is their patriotic duty to toil and drudge as many hours and under the kind of conditions their masters dictate. Aye, patriotism demands more. It has just helped to pass a law in West Virginia compelling every male from the age of 16 to 50 to work at least 35 hours every week. Verily, we are progressing. It needed a civil war to abolish black slavery. A war with Germany is to serve as the excuse for the substitution of the slavery of the white man.

There are no Lloyd Garrisons, no Lovejoys, no Wendell Phillips's to cry out against these damnable outrages. On the contrary, the leaders of Labor—Mr. Gompers and colleagues—hold conferences with Rockefeller and consorts to seal the pact of slavery of American Labor. Indeed we are progressing.

EMMA GOLDMAN.
San Francisco, May 25th, 1917.
per Postal Telegraph

Superior Court to-day held Oxman for trial. Chief Justice Angellotti said evidence of Oxman's guilt overwhelming. Special committee appointed by San Francisco Labor Council and Building Trades Council appeared in person before Atty. Gen. Webb requesting answer on his disposition of Judge Griffin's request confessing error in my case. Attorney General said that records did not show error and it would be impossible to confess same.

Powerful publicity, monster demonstrations absolutely necessary for successful outcome. California Lynch Law crowd fighting desperately to save themselves.

This precludes new trial unless unforseen happens. Give these facts wide publicity.

TOM MOONEY.

* * *

The farce of American "Justice" is best illustrated above. The proof of the perjured testimony of Oxman would have sufficed in any other country immediately to release the victims of the San Francisco frame-up. But in free America Tom Mooney is still waiting for another trial, while Rena Mooney is now being subjected to the ordeal, with Weinberg and Nolan still to go through the grinding mill.

* * *

WHO says war is hell? Indeed not, if it is entered into for honor and democracy! Such is the boast of those who wax warm over America's entry into the European slaughter house. Such was the proud assurance of the British and French Commissions which came to us for the worthy and humanitarian purpose of closing the bargain between the fair bride, American liberty, and the European bridegroom War.

Yet during the very week America so lavishly entertained in pomp and extravagance the English reactionary Balfour and the French military dictator Joffre, a public auction took place in New York of some unfortunate victims of the blessings of war. Forty-two French babies were publicly sold at the New York Exchange of Women's Work. The highest price for one baby brought $60.00, the lowest $25.00. The war for democracy and

civilization had robbed those little ones of their parents. So, like the slaves in the past, they were sold at the block to the highest bidder.

War hardly needs a more scathing commentary.

* * *

THE black scourge of war in its devastating effect upon the human mind has never been better illustrated than in the ravings of the American Socialists, Messrs. Russell, Stokes, Sinclair, Walling, et al.

True, these pseudo-revolutionists only imitate their German comrades who turned the International over to the furies of war, and who have since outkaisered the Kaiser. But the German Socialists were always rigid disciplinarians and devout worshipers of authority. Besides, the war came upon them suddenly and with nothing like it in their previous experience to go by. There are no such extenuating circumstances for the American Social Patriots. To begin with, their antecedents are democratic and not disciplinarian. At least such was the claim of the American Socialists in every public debate and discussion. Then, again, they always signed themselves "Yours for the Revolution." Charles Edward Russell on his return from Australia even went so far as to prove the utter futility of politics and the superior quality of direct action. Mr. Stokes ever hobnobbed with the extreme left of the Socialists, the much hated I. W. W. As to English Walling, he was the reddest of red. Though muddled mentally he was always at white heat emotionally as syndicalist, revolutionist, dissenter, etc.

Lastly, the American Social Patriots have not even the excuse that war came suddenly here, with nearly three years of horror in Europe before them. Yet they are shouting louder than the jingoes for their pound of flesh, for revenge and bloodshed. They are at one with American Kaiserism and its policy as autocratic, despotic and inhuman as Prussian Kaiserism has ever been. Yes, they are even doing the dirty work of the manhunter, William J. Burns, spying upon and denouncing their erstwhile comrades as alien enemies in the employ of the Kaiser.

Verily war is a black scourge. It has caught these Socialists in its grip and is now shaking them with fever and delirium. Nothing else can explain the truly outrageous campaign of denunciation carried on by these possessed

patriots against the Socialists who have remained immune to the contagion of war.

* * *

IT IS almost pathetic that an Anarchist should feel called upon to defend men like Hillquit from the Germophobia of the American Social Patriots. To me, Hillquit, Berger, Lee and their kind, always stood as the prototypes of political conservatism and party reactionaries besides being bitter enemies of every thing even remotely anarchistic or revolutionary. It is really ironic that they should now be held up to public scorn and condemnation for fraternizing with autocracy, while their assailants rush to the rescue of the American government. As Anarchists we have reason to rejoice over this farce comedy with passports denied the politicians of the Socialist party, while political jobs are given to the "revolutionists" of the same party. With Charles Edward Russell as the conferee of Root, English Walling the colleague of the New York *Times,* and Stokes, Simons, Sinclair, Poole, etc., still waiting for the reward from Washington. Yet as Anarchists we can not allow our theoretic differences to rob us of our sense of justice. We feel constrained to say that the raving against Hillquit and others is sheer madness, and nothing else. One might overlook the renegacy of a Charles Edward Russell. Nothing else need ever be expected from a journalist. But for men like Stokes and Walling to thus become the lackeys of Wall Street and Washington, is really too cheap and disgusting.

* * *

APROPOS of the refusal of passports to the Socialist delegates to the Stockholm Conference, what a vindication for the Anarchists, what triumph of the logic of our attitude towards government. The war has pointed out the utter stupidity of expecting economic justice or human rights from the machinery of government or from centralized power. Our quarrel with the Socialists, which began in the International with Bakunin, Marx and Engels, to this day centers around the one issue: the Socialists clamor for more laws, greater political power in the hands of the State and more centralized machinery of the government; while we Anarchists, as federalists,

insist upon the necessity of undermining the State through the economic solidarity and action of the workers, which alone is the greatest menace to the capitalist regime and to the ever growing tyranny of authority. And now it has all come to pass, even though at the terrible price of war.

The various Socialists who for political ends compromise their ideals, curry favor with the government, and who waste the time and substance of the workers in political campaigns, are now made to feel the mailed fist of the newly constituted American autocracy. They have been denied passports, or better yet, they have been told to behave themselves as behooves law-abiding citizens. What else can those expect who move within the limited confines of the State and blind the workers to the arbitrary and coercive tendency of all government, to the utter waste of time and energy spent on political action.

* * *

WHEN the American government and its mouth-piece, the plutocratic press, greeted the Russian Revolution as a long expected child, they little realized whom they were taking to their loving bosom. Steeped in political thinking and worshiping at the shrine of American democracy, they evidently thought that the wrath of the long-suffering Russian people would be appeased when once the Czar is kicked off the throne.

From a democratic point of view there can be no objection to kicking a czar or a king off the pedestal. So America welcomed the Russian Revolution. But now that it is becoming more and more apparent that the Russian Revolution is not a mere political scene shifting, and that the Russian people are not content with the swamp which "sitteth upon the throne," but that they are determined also to kick the throne which "resteth upon the swamp," there is consternation in Washington and venom in the newspapers.

What, these illiterate, crude Russian peasants, workingmen and soldiers, they dare oppose the new regime, they dare question the benevolence of the new government, which is so much according to our heart and is so willing to fall in with our plans. How ungrateful these Russians are! But then what can you expect when agita-

tors in the employ of the Kaiser are at work? There is but one thing that can save the situation. An American Commission must be despatched to Russia at once to teach the mouzhik political manners. Root, Russell, Duncan & Company will tell them how to behave, what to do and how to meet the thousand and one issues which have arisen from the greatest event in human history since the French Revolution. Just leave it to the commission. They will fix it all.

Is there any limit to the arrogance of the American? He is so used to fixing everything and everybody at home, that he hesitates not a moment to fix the very heavens. Just fancy Elihu, Sammy and Charlie fixing the heavens! A sight for Satan.

Meanwhile Washington is having cold chills, and every report from Russia adds to her discomfiture. And meanwhile Grandmother *Times* hurls anathema at the wicked agitators, the Lenines and Anarchists who are not content with putting the Czar to plant potatoes. Why, they actually want to do their own planting!

Petrograd, April 25—The revolutionary spirit is manifesting itself in the rural districts of Russia, bringing the long standing agrarian troubles to a head. Notwithstanding the organization of food committees which are doing their best to make the peasants understand that the land question cannot be wisely settled until the constituent assembly is elected, the peasants are inclined to take the matter into their own hands.

Soldiers visiting their rural homes, with or without leave, spread the news of the revolution and lead the peasants against the land owners. This is chiefly the case in the Saratov Government, where the people often are inclined to be turbulent. The peasants here, after passing resolutions of confiscation have proceeded to take possession of the lands and drive the land owners away.

The peasants announced that they will undertake the spring sowing themselves, but owing to lack of seed this is said to be impossible.

Yeniseisk, in Central Siberia, reports that during the last three weeks thirty houses were burned and that the population is in a condition of panic. Men of various foreign nationalities, headed by anarchist leaders and escaped criminals, have overrun the district, the advices state. The local Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates declared martial law, and all public institutions and officials are under the orders of a military dictator.

According to a dispatch from Tsartysn, in the Government of Saratov, all authority has been overthrown in the city, which is completely in the hands of the peasants. The soldiers levied

a contribution of 1,500,000 rubles for the increase of their pay and confiscated ships on the Volga. A farm belonging to Mme. Bekmarmaretaba, in the Orel Government, was overrun by a mob of 20,000 who wrecked the place, doing damage amounting to 750,000 rubles. The art gallery on the estate, which was one of its most valuable possessions, was completely destroyed except for three religious paintings. The mills also were demolished by the mob.

Terrible, is it not, that the Russian peasants should want to take possession of the land, that they should seek to rescue their beloved *matushka* from even a greater enemy than the Czar—The Russian land owning class. Still more terrible it is that the whole world is now forced to wait on the will and whim of the Council of the Soldiers and Workingmen. No wonder the *Times* cries Danger, Help! No wonder Washington is uneasy.

Ah, gentlemen, you have played your game badly. The Russian Revolution is not to be the scythe to clear the soil from old rubbish just to enable you to plant your poisonous seed of American democracy and commercialism. The Russian Revolution has uprooted our *matushka zemlia* (mother earth) so that the people may drink new life at her generous breast, new vigor and a deeper consecration to liberty. And in doing so, the Russian Revolution will undermine the whole world and create a bonfire of your sacred old values—to clear the road of obstacles, so that man may see his brother and clasp him to his bosom.

* * *

JUNE 5th—

BY SAXE COMMINS

TIME is not the ally of those traducers of Democracy who enact laws which bind over their constituents irretrievably. Those opportunists know the value of haste, of secrecy and of ceremony, and they act accordingly. They have leisure not for repentance but for gloating over the fruits of their deception. And that deception promises nothing less than a permanent military organization, so well and so insidiously planned as to make it self-perpetuating. Moloch and Mammon are to be made immortal on Coronation Day—June 5th.

The ceremony is in preparation; none of its detailed rites is being neglected. To the lurid streamers, to the

noise of the hurdy gurdy, with stage managed "spontaneity," will the free, proud youth of America proclaim their sovereign, a sovereign whose sway will be earthly and divine. Te Deum, Te Regem laudamus.

"It is to be a day of consecration and rejoicing" is the advance notice issued from the pulpit. To us it will be a day of repudiation. The dawn of June 5th will be greeted with loud hosannahs and the crash of cannon, fitting tribute. Not the Hosannah which filled the valleys near the mountain on which it was said gently: "Thou shalt not kill," but the shrieked approval arising above the din of our stained cities, from each enclosed, vitiated recruiting station.

Elsewhere will be silent men on this day who will not be engulfed by the murky tide. They will go, each to his appointed task, oblivious to the sonorous beckoning of the mob. They will be those few who though deprived of time for consideration of the subtleties of the registration law had the foresight to plan a course of action for just such a contingency. Others there will be who will waver and fall prey to the influence of ritualistic contagion. For their consideration during the few days that remain before the Fifth, we direct not our counsel but the attitude we have taken for ourselves. We do not wish to impose our programme on any one, we only can point the road we take ourselves.

"We have been deprived of time for reflection and have lost, consequently, our critical judgment. We have not been able to crystallize our thoughts, we have not been able to find kindred thoughts for the few that we have been able to crystallize. Where ours were definitely formed, others have been vague. And there was always conflict on this issue. What is to be done? Whatever protest is to be made must be made in full consciousness, else it is worthless. We know we must dissent, it is agreed. But how? By doing so may we not be acting precipitately and unwisely? We want to make of this a pure issue of Principle, but we have not been able to put into words, for lack of time, our most deeply rooted emotions. . . ." These are some of the many doubts and questions that assail the minds of numberless conscien-

tious objectors as June 5th approaches. What, then, is to be done?

We can decide for no one. We do not claim omniscience, nor the gift of prophecy. But we can point out certain self evident truths. Draw from them your own conclusions and decide your course of action.

The conscription bill, to which liberals, generally, are opposed, carries hidden beneath it well defined facets which must be revealed. In its entirety this act is the instrument of a powerful despotism, more harmful by far than are visible and destructible armaments. We know that this bill perverts the meaning of the much advertised war theme—Democracy. These facts are too manifest for reiteration. There are no subtle distinctions made by liberty loving people in their objection to conscription in toto. Why, then, should there be no militant objection to the first integral part of it—REGISTRATION?

Only one interpretation can be assigned to the acceptance of this major portion of the conscription bill by those who are opposed to war, and that is due to their lack of time for reflection. Secrecy has obscured its features too long. Registration is literal and final in its meaning. *It is the first step over the precipice into the bottomless pit of conscription.* It is the first and only step necessary toward the establishment of an institution only comparable to the now extinct Third Section of Russia. It is the resignation of the rights of the individual to a militarily supervised government. It implies the abrogation of every instinct as well as any principle you may have against bearing arms. It means that you sanction and wilfully choose obedience and that you repudiate your right to resistance. . . .

Do what your conscience dictates on June 5th and thereafter.

* * *

There is ONE THING that is STRONGER THAN ARMIES, and that is an IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME

Victor Hugo.

CONSCRIPTION

By Ben L. Reitman, M.D.

WELL, war has been declared. The love of Christ, the power of the A. F. of L., and the influence of art, culture and literature were not able to keep America out of the business of wholesale slaughter any more than they did in Europe.

It is too late to worry about who and what caused the war. The war is here and our Government is spending billions of dollars like a drunken sailor in preparing men to kill quickly. It is no use to argue now about the right of justice of our joining the Allies to crush Germany. Nor is there any use in trying to kid ourselves into thinking that this war isn't very serious or that it won't last very long. Most wars last from three to five years, and usually when a country has won a war, it goes in for other wars very soon. It is reasonable to believe that America for the next ten years will be in the fighting business. Just as soon as we have helped the Allies wipe Germany off the map, we are going to start in and clean up Mexico and teach Japan where she gets off at. And if the Russian revolutionists think they are going to run their country in their own way, we may go over there and teach them to respect Government and our kind of Democracy. Besides, we have our eye on South America. While we have our big army and navy, we might as well annex some to the South American countries. Those Gringos down there don't know how to behave themselves, anyway. They are always fighting, and if they were under American protection, they would have more respect for religion and property and get along better. Yes, and beside,—while we have our soldiers trained, we had better collect our war debts. We have loaned billions of dollars to Europe and may be some of those countries who have been fighting on borrowed money will get sore and won't want to pay us. Then we will have to fight to make them do it. I am afraid we are starting in on a long and brutal reign of militarism in America.

It looked for a while as though we were going to be safe, for even after war was declared there were few men who enlisted. The only ones that enlisted were men who

were out of a job or disappointed in life and young boys who were full of life and wanted excitement and adventure. (They will get it.) Of course, if only the fool and the "no-account" would volunteer, we wouldn't object very much, but among those who volunteer are some of the finest young men in the land. If any of those boys will be alive in five years, they will be able to tell you of the horrors and uselessness of war.

But now we have conscription, and no one is safe. The thing itself is not new. All the countries in Europe have it. England passed her Conscription Law after the English working men refused to become professional murderers. At first the bill also included Ireland, but the Irish were thoughtful men who knew history, and they said: "We haven't any more grievance against the German working men than we have against the English toilers. *We refuse to be Conscripted.*" And when the government tried to force them to join the army, the *Irish raised hell and began to kill the recruiting officers.* Then the Conscription bill was amended to exclude the Irish. And now everybody in Great Britain has to fight for the King, excepting the fighting Irish and A GREAT HOST OF CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

Before the war broke out, there was much anti-military propaganda carried on in England, and thousands of people—Anarchists, Socialists, Quakers, Trade Unionists and Christians—said "Conscription or no Conscription, we are not going to join the army." And they made good! When the soldiers came around to get these conscientious objectors, they said, "We refuse to murder for our country or for anyone else." They were arrested, and still they refused to put on the uniform. They were beaten and clubbed and thrown into jail and threatened with death, but they stood firm. Some of them were carried in chains to the French front, but they stood by humanity and refused to shoulder a musket. A number of them were murdered by the English soldiers, but nothing could make them desert their high ideals. England tried everything to make soldiers out of these brave men, but she failed and had to let them alone.

What happened in England was also repeated in France, Germany, Russia and the other countries. Thou-

sands of Italian Syndicalists and anti-militarists refused to join the army. They were lined up against a stone wall and murdered by their own country-men with machine guns. But this didn't frighten the rest of them, and to-day in Italy conscientious objectors are respected and excused from military service.

The Russians also refused to join the army by the thousands. The Dukhobors, the Tolstoian Anarchists, the Revolutionary Socialists absolutely refused to join the army. The government began to have these conscientious objectors shot, until they found that some of their faithful soldiers were killing their own officers instead of the conscientious objectors.

All along the French line there have been strikes of soldiers, but when soldiers have guns and bombs in their hands and are accustomed to killing, it takes more than mere promises to satisfy them. In certain sections on the French front, the soldiers refuse to stay in the trenches more than 3 weeks. They demand a furlough and go back to Paris to have a good time. The French anti-militarists did not sell their souls to the War-Gods. They are demanding that their Allies, especially the English, take their places in the trenches. And this is one of the reasons why the Allies are in such a hurry to get the American soldiers on French soil. The French are getting tired of fighting for government, and are preparing to fight for themselves. It is not at all unlikely that when our American soldiers get to Europe, they will not be ordered to slay the Germans, but will be killing French, English and Russian soldiers who refuse to fight for "their" fatherland any longer.

You may think that America is the freest country in the world. Yet we, the people, have no voice in making war. About three hundred men in the House of Representatives, one hundred and fifty in the Senate and one President have more power than we—the one hundred million American people. They can declare war—we can not. They can stop wars; we can not. No!—not unless we act like the Russians, and the soldiers lay down their weapons and refuse to fight.

In Australia, which belongs to England, they tried to pass a Conscription Bill, but labor over there is organized

and the working men said, "We won't stand for conscription." You see, they didn't have a politician like Gompers who could deliver the entire organized labor movement to the authorities. Then the government said, "All right, we will have a referendum." They did. Although the government spent millions of dollars and all the newspapers howled and threatened, and the militarists promised everything, bluffed and cheated,—conscription was overwhelmingly defeated. As far as the making of wars and conscription is concerned, we are not a free country or a democracy: we are just as much in the hands of "the King" as the Germans, the Italians or English are.

The English tried to get large numbers of Hindoos and African Negroes to fight for them. They did succeed in getting a large number over on the French front, but the Hindoos and the Negroes killed the English officers and then surrendered themselves to the enemy. They felt that they would not be any worse off than their brothers are in their native countries. Now listen. Unless you get more information than the daily newspapers give you, you do not understand what is going on at the battle front. The only thing to remember about newspapers is that this present war is giving them all a chance to raise their present price from one to two cents. War is not only a business of killing and destroying, but also the profession of lying, cheating and bluffing.

Conscription is now a law, but that law in itself can't do things. It has to have "force" behind it, and in a few months you may see all of those dear boys who volunteered into the army and navy, trained soldiers, armed to the teeth, compelling and punishing American citizens who refuse to be conscripted. We will need about fifty thousand soldiers to enforce conscription and we will need a great many more soldiers to keep the workers in line and prevent strikes. In war times, not only is your enemy dangerous, but every citizen who refuses to obey orders. He is regarded as an enemy to the country and may be brutally shot down. America fears Germany much less than she does men and women who refuse to murder for her benefit, and she will be a great deal kinder in her dealings with the external enemy than she may be with her conscientious objectors.

Since war is hell and we all are now in it, we might as well make the most of it. And if war means that we must maintain our honor and take revenge upon our enemy, let us stop and consider who our real enemies are.

Many of the men who join the army will suffer and be killed. It is estimated that a horse lasts sixteen days on the front and a soldier will average about eight weeks in the trenches. And so if we have to suffer and die, let us die for the things we believe in, and suffer for a cause that will make the world a better place in which to live, and future wars impossible.

You have a life,—you have brains and courage. Will you use them to make the greedy manufacturers richer and the government more powerful and tyrannical? Or will you use your life and intelligence to demonstrate that you believe in humanity and brotherhood and that you are opposed to wars, poverty and injustice?

* * *

THE NO CONSCRIPTION LEAGUE

CONSCRIPTION has now become a fact in this country. It took England fully 18 months after she engaged in war to impose compulsory military service on her people. It was left to free America to pass a conscription bill six weeks after war was declared.

What becomes of the patriotic boast of America to have entered the European war in behalf of the principle of democracy? But that is not all. Every country in Europe has recognized the right of conscientious objectors—of men who refuse to engage in war on the ground that they are opposed to taking life.

Yet this democratic country makes no such provision for those who will not commit murder at the behest of the profiteers through human sacrifice. Thus the "land of the free and the home of the brave" is ready to coerce free men into the military yoke.

Liberty of conscience is the most fundamental of all human rights, the pivot of all progress. No human being may be deprived of it without losing every vestige of freedom of thought and action. In these days when every principle and conception of democracy and individual liberty is being cast overboard under the pretext of democratizing Germany, it behooves every liberty loving

man and woman to insist on his or her right of individual choice in the ordering of his life or action.

The NO-CONSCRIPTION LEAGUE has been formed for the purpose of encouraging conscientious objectors to affirm their liberty of conscience and to translate their objection to human slaughter by refusing to participate in the killing of their fellow men. The NO-CONSCRIPTION LEAGUE is to be the voice of protest against war and against the coercion of conscientious objectors to participate in the war. Our platform may be summarized as follows:

We oppose conscription because we are internationalists, anti-militarists, and opposed to all wars waged by capitalistic governments.

We will fight for what we choose to fight for: we will never fight simply because we are ordered to fight.

We believe that the militarization of America is an evil that far outweighs, in its anti-social and anti-libertarian effects, any good that may come from America's participation in the war.

We will resist conscription by every means in our power, and we will sustain those who, for similar reasons, refuse to be conscripted.

The first important public activity of the NO-CONSCRIPTION LEAGUE took the form of a large mass-meeting on May 18th, attended by 8,000 people. The enthusiasm was so great that the uniformed patriots who came to break up the meeting, soon slunk courageously away. A Mothers' No-Conscription meeting has been arranged for June 4th. Besides, 100,000 No-Conscription manifestos have been circulated broadcast.

We are not unmindful of the difficulties in our way. But we have resolved to go ahead and spare no effort to make the voice of protest a moral force in the life of this country. The initial efforts of the conscientious objectors in England were fraught with many hardships and danger but finally the government of Great Britain was forced to give heed to the steadily increasing volume of public protest against the coercion of conscientious objectors. So we, too, in America will doubtless meet the full severity of the government and the condemnation of the patriotic jingoes, but we are nevertheless determined

to go ahead. We feel confident in bringing out thousands of people who are conscientious objectors to the murder of their fellow men and to whom a principle represents the most vital thing in life.

Will you help us in this great undertaking? Will you enable us to carry on the fight? Send your contribution to me at once, to 20 E. 125th St., New York. Send for manifestos.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

* * *

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

By S. W. VAN VALKENBURGH

THAT time and events produce miraculous mental transformations becomes quite clear to all who care to observe any of the great lessons being enacted, here and abroad.

In the beginning, it was common phrase with most of us that the German Socialists could have prevented the war's inception. To be sure, they at least could have tried to make some effort to block the initial, German drive, but they did not. They failed, ignobly and completely. Not so much was expected of the Socialists of any other country, but the world did look with keen expectancy at the millions of Socialists in Kaiserland. It looked in vain.

As time progresses, we begin to appreciate the reason.

War develops a curious psychology in a wonderfully short period of time.

During the early months of the struggle, the people in this country glibly referred to it as a battle of Kings and Rulers with the people as merely pawns, and the first reports of the terrible devastation and tremendous loss of life were met with gasps of horror. It is different now: we have grown calloused to the significance of the death lists and starving populations.

We hear no more of this party or that party, nor of the failings of anyone to prevent this frightful thing.

This sudden silence on our part is ominous. It portends some dreadful calamity to another nation of people.

The war spirit has invaded and captured America!

All former slogans have been relegated to the discard and the most elusive dream of man from time immemorial

has been resurrected and made the urge to goad men on to kill.

Democracy! The rule of the ruled! O, how gullible, these sheep being fattened for the slaughter! Russia rises, as from a trance and proceeds to establish a semblance of popular government and bring the people back to the land—their own land—only to have this much heralded republic dispatch uninvited advisers, headed by that arch-American-autocrat, Elihu Root, to tell a people born and reared in revolution what they want and how to get it! Democracy! A country wherein the President has more absolute power bestowed him through the recent Congressional enactments than any other living ruler: a country where the conscientious objector has no legal status whatever; where the young men happening to marry after a given time are publicly branded as "traitors;" where one might not go to a theatre or other public place without having to prostrate one's self before the National emblem and to stand attention as the music peels off the squeaky National air: where one dare say nothing, do nothing and think nothing, unless it conforms to the hysteria of the times: where a victim of the patriotic mob is told by an unfeeling brute, called a judge, that if the mob had lynched him, he would have received his just deserts; where one's mail is now subject to the prying post-office pests whose arbitrary decisions as to what is "seditious and anarchistic" mean imprisonment of the alleged offender: in such a country, presuming to call itself free, and, not only tolerating such infamies, but continually adding to them, in such a country, the cry of Democracy were enough to make old Pericles awake and congratulate himself!

Oh, the sham and the cant of it all!

How sad and discouraging that the great American people should succumb to this blatant bugling of the mercenaries of money.

There are no issues, no ideals, no danger nor even the threat of danger involved between this country and Germany, and yet, America enters the war. Did I say there were *no* issues? Yes, there are *some* issues, but not of the character for which Democrats should consider bloodshed. The issues are TRADE and FINANCE. U-boats

are convenient excuses. American financiers want their money back. It has all been very cleverly worked out.

The hands of the administration may be held up as spotlessly clean, but the hypocricy shines through the whitewash.

It is not merely that the war has been brought in closer proximity to the American people that they have changed front so completely. Instead, it is because the American press has functioned as the inciter to belligerency by gradually working up the patriotic passions of the people. It was all quite methodically arranged. Some enterprising groups inaugurated "preparedness parades" then, in due time, through mild persuasion and suitable coercion, the public mind was shaped to receive the "loyalty pledges" which were so cleverly worded that no question can ever be raised as to their real intent and meaning. And now to cap the whole climax, comes no less a person than Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, to personally appeal to all the good, unsuspecting citizens to subscribe to the "Liberty Loan." Having secured the moral sanction of the populace, the scheme is now to involve them financially. Who said this is not a war of the people?

What the British "Mr. Britling" has experienced as a result of the war, the American "Mr. Dubb" is about to understand. That is why no more queries are being asked of the people on the other side of the water. It brings the case too near home. Jingoism has disturbed the intellectual equilibrium of the American people and all they can see is blood. All creeds and shades of opinion are being sought to add fuel to the flames. No matter what it is all about; join in the fray or be branded. We must pay no attention to the high-way robbery being perpetrated with growing boldness by the jugglers of life's necessities, we are expected to contribute to this war fund and that, no matter where the money is to come from. It is this wild nationalism, run rampant, that carries the day.

Christian civilization is immersed in blood and gore up to the neck and the sooner the maelstrom swallows it up, the better.

Well may the heathen laugh up his sleeve as he witnesses the cargoes of bullets and bandages consigned to the followers of the meek and lowly Christ, for he knows the day is coming when he shall rise into his own.

THE WAR AND THE INTELLECTUALS

By RANDOLPH BOURNE

Reprinted from *Seven Arts*

TO THOSE of us who still retain an irreconcilable animus against war, it has been a bitter experience to see the unanimity with which the American intellectuals have thrown their support to the use of war-technique in the crisis in which America found herself. Socialists, college professors, publicists, new-republicans, practitioners of literature, have vied with each other in conforming with their intellectual faith the collapse of neutrality and the riveting of the war-mind on a hundred million more of the world's people. And the intellectuals are not content with confirming our belligerent gesture. They are now complacently asserting that it was they who effectively willed it, against the hesitation and dim perceptions of the American democratic masses. A war made deliberately by the intellectuals. A calm moral verdict, arrived at after a penetrating study of inexorable facts! Sluggish masses, too remote from the world-conflict to be stirred, too lacking in intellect to perceive their danger! An alert intellectual class, saving the people in spite of themselves, biding their time with Fabian strategy until the nation could be moved into war without serious resistance! An intellectual class, gently guiding a nation through sheer force of ideas into what the other nations entered only through predatory craft or popular hysteria or militarist madness! A war free from any taint of self-seeking, a war that will secure the triumph of democracy and internationalize the world! This is the picture which the more self-conscious intellectuals have formed of themselves, and which they are slowly impressing upon a population which is being led no man knows whither by an indubitably intellectualized President. And they are right, in that the war certainly did not spring from either the ideals or the prejudices, from the national ambitions or hysterias, of the American people, however acquiescent the masses prove to be, and however clearly the intellectuals prove their putative intuition.

Those intellectuals who have felt themselves totally out of sympathy with this drag toward war will seek some

explanation for this joyful leadership. They will want to understand this willingness of the American intellect to open the sluices and flood us with the sewage of the war spirit. We cannot forget the virtuous horror and stupefaction which filled our college professors when they read the famous manifesto of their ninety-three German colleagues in defense of their war. To the American academic mind of 1914 defense of war was inconceivable. From Bernhardi it recoiled as from a blasphemy, little dreaming that two years later would find it creating its own cleanly reasons for imposing military service on the country and for talking of the rough rude currents of health and regeneration that war would send through the American body politic. They would have thought anyone mad who talked of shipping American men by the hundreds of thousands—conscrips—to die on the fields of France. Such a spiritual change seems catastrophic when we shoot our minds back to those days when neutrality was a proud thing. But the intellectual progress has been so gradual that the country retains little sense of the irony. The war sentiment, begun so gradually but so perseveringly by the preparedness advocates who came from the ranks of big business, caught hold of one after another of the intellectual groups. With the aid of Roosevelt, the murmurs became a monotonous chant, and finally a chorus so mighty that to be out of it was at first to be disreputable and finally almost obscene. And slowly a strident rant was worked up against Germany which compared very creditably with the German fulminations against the greedy power of England. The nerve of the war-feeling centred, of course, in the richer and older classes of the Atlantic seaboard, and was keenest where there were French or English business and particularly social connections. The sentiment then spread over the country as a class-phenomenon, touching everywhere those upper-class elements in each section who identified themselves with this Eastern ruling group. It must never be forgotten that in every community it was the least liberal and least democratic elements among whom the preparedness and later the war sentiment was found. The farmers were apathetic, the small business men and workingmen are still apathetic towards the war. The election was a vote of confidence of these latter

classes in a President who would keep the faith of neutrality. The intellectuals, in other words, have identified themselves with the least democratic forces in American life. They have assumed the leadership for war of those very classes whom the American democracy has been immemorially fighting. Only in a world where irony was dead could an intellectual class enter war at the head of such illiberal cohorts in the avowed cause of world-liberalism and world-democracy. No one is left to point out the undemocratic nature of this war-liberalism. In a time of faith, skepticism is the most intolerable of all insults.

Our intellectual class might have been occupied, during the last two years of war, in studying and clarifying the ideals and aspirations of the American democracy, in discovering a true Americanism which would not have been merely nebulous but might have federated the different ethnic groups and traditions. They might have spent the time in endeavoring to clear the public mind of the cant of war, to get rid of old mystical notions that clog our thinking. We might have used the time for a great wave of education, for setting our house in spiritual order. We could at least have set the problem before ourselves. If our intellectuals were going to lead the administration, they might conceivably have tried to find some way of securing peace by making neutrality effective. They might have turned their intellectual energy not to the problem of jockeying the nation into war, but to the problem of using our vast neutral power to attain democratic ends for the rest of the world and ourselves without the use of the malevolent technique of war. They might have failed. The point is that they scarcely tried. The time was spent not in clarification and education, but in a mulling over of nebulous ideals of democracy and liberalism and civilization which had never meant anything fruitful to those ruling classes who now so glibly used them, and in giving free rein to the elementary instinct of self-defence. The whole era has been spiritually wasted. The outstanding feature has been not its Americanism but its intense colonialism. The offence of our intellectuals was not so much that they were colonial—for what could we expect of a nation composed of so many national elements?—but that it was so one-

sidedly and partisanly colonial. The official, reputable expression of the intellectual class has been that of the English colonial. Certain portions of it have been even more loyalist than the King, more British even than Australia. Other colonial attitudes have been vulgar. The colonialism of the other American stocks was denied a hearing from the start. America might have been made a meeting-ground for the different national attitudes. An intellectual class, cultural colonists of the different European nations, might have threshed out the issues here as they could not be threshed out in Europe. Instead of this, the English colonials in university and press took command at the start, and we became an intellectual Hungary where thought was subject to an effective process of Magyarization. The reputable opinion of the American intellectuals became more and more either what could be read pleasantly in London, or what was written in an earnest effort to put Englishmen straight on their war-aims and war-technique. This Magyarization of thought produced as a counter-reaction a peculiarly offensive and inept German apologetic, and the two partisans divided the field between them. The great masses, the other ethnic groups, were inarticulate. American public opinion was almost as little prepared for war in 1917 as it was in 1914.

The sterile results of such an intellectual policy are inevitable. During the war the American intellectual class has produced almost nothing in the way of original and illuminating interpretation. Veblen's "Imperial Germany;" Patten's "Culture and War," and addresses; Dewey's "German Philosophy and Politics;" a chapter or two in Weyl's "American Foreign Policies;"—is there much else of creative value in the intellectual repercussion of the war? It is true that the shock of war put the American intellectual to an unusual strain. He had to sit idle and think as spectator not as actor. There was no government to which he could docilely and loyally tender his mind as did the Oxford professors to justify England in her own eyes. The American's training was such as to make the fact of war almost incredible. Both in his reading of history and in his lack of economic perspective he was badly prepared for it. He had to explain

to himself something which was too colossal for the modern mind, which outran any language or terms which we had to interpret it in. He had to expand his sympathies to the breaking-point, while pulling the past and present into some sort of interpretative order. The intellectuals in the fighting countries had only to rationalize and justify what their country was already doing. Their task was easy. A neutral, however, had really to search out the truth. Perhaps perspective was too much to ask of any mind. Certainly the older colonials among our college professors let their prejudices at once dictate their thought. They have been comfortable ever since. The war has taught them nothing and will teach them nothing. And they have had the satisfaction, under the rigor of events, of seeing prejudice submerge the intellects of their younger colleagues. And they have lived to see almost their entire class, pacifists and democrats, too, join them as apologists for the "gigantic irrelevance" of war.

We have had to watch, therefore, in this country the same process which so shocked us abroad,—the coalescence of the intellectual classes in support of the military program. In this country, indeed, the socialist intellectuals did not even have the grace of their German brothers and wait for the declaration of war before they broke for cover. And when they declared for war they showed how thin was the intellectual veneer of their socialism. For they called us in terms that might have emanated from any bourgeois journal to defend democracy and civilization, just as if it was not exactly against those very bourgeois democracies and capitalist civilizations that socialists had been fighting for decades. But so subtle is the spiritual chemistry of the "inside" that all this intellectual cohesion—herd-instinct become herd-intellect—which seemed abroad so hysterical and so servile, comes to us here in highly rational terms. We go to war to save the world from subjugation! But the German intellectuals went to war to save their culture from barbarization! And the French went to war to save their beautiful France! And the English to save international honor! And Russia, most altruistic and self-sacrificing of all, to save a small State from destruction! Whence is our miraculous intuition of our moral spotlessness?

Whence our confidence that history will not unravel huge economic and imperialist forces upon which our rationalizations float like bubbles? The Jew often marvels that his race alone should have been chosen as the true people of the cosmic God. Are not our intellectuals equally fatuous when they tell us that our war of all wars is stainless and thrillingly achieving for good?

An intellectual class that was wholly rational would have called insistently for peace and not for war. For months the crying need has been for a negotiated peace, in order to avoid the ruin of a deadlock. Would not the same amount of resolute statesmanship thrown into intervention have secured a peace that would have been a subjugation for neither side? Was the terrific bargaining power of a great neutral ever really used? Our war followed, as all wars follow, a monstrous failure of diplomacy. Shamefacedness should now be our intellectuals' attitude, because the American play for peace was made so little more than a polite play. The intellectuals have still to explain why, willing as they now are to use force to continue the war to absolute exhaustion, they were not willing to use force to coerce the world to a speedy peace.

(To be continued.)

ARMY RECUITING—METHODS

By Maxwell Bodenheim

IT WAS a vaguely chilly day, late in the May of this year. An army-seargent stood upon the platform of an open-air recruiting-station and shouted to a crowd. The crowd was stiffened with attention. Abruptly, the seargent paused, and lifted up the flag beside him.

"Salute this banner of liberty! Take off your hats!" he cried.

Everybody in the crowd took off his hat. Fifteen seconds passed, while the seargent stood like a statue, still holding up the flag. Then, some in the crowd, began to put on their hats. The seargent flung out his disengaged arm. "Take those hats off! You there, make him take it off! And you!" The offenders, a respectable minority of the crowd, hastily and embarassedly re-

moved their hats. Still, the seargent stood rigidly, holding up the flag, and pressing his elbow into his side to relieve the strain on his arm. A full minute passed, without a change in his posture. It was a vaguely chilly day, and some bald and gossamer-haired heads in the crowd were beginning to notice that fact. The crowd became restless and after a few more seconds had passed some hats were again put on. But once more the seargent angrily shouted, and once more the hats were whisked off.

It began to seem like an unreal comedy to me. I touched the arm of the man beside me, to see if I were there or not. Then I glanced up at the seargent's browned, flat face. Did the ghost of a grin touch his face, a moment, or was I mistaken? If I saw rightly, he was probably having some crude, coarse fun with his audience. If I saw wrongly, then army-recruiting officers—at least some of them—believe that heads must be interminably bared before patriotism is adequately proven. About three and a half minutes, in all, elapsed, before the seargent released the flag and went on with his talk. Half of the crowd drifted away, a little puzzled by its experience. Some of the undoubted patriots in the crowd probably said to themselves, "Of course, we respect the flag, but wasn't it a little silly to keep our hats off so long?" And some, who thought they saw what I thought I had detected on the seargent's face, were utterly disgusted.

A first-lieutenant mounted the platform. He hurried into a eulogy of women, saying that not a day passed without scores of women coming to his recruiting-office, and asking how they could join the American Red Cross Society. (Of course he did not add, that the emotion of mercy, which leads women to join the Red Cross, is not precisely the emotion which moves men to swing bayonets into each other.) He told the crowd to fight for its mothers, wives and sweethearts, but he forgot to mention just what immediate danger threatened these mothers, wives and sweethearts. A man from another planet, dropped into this crowd before the lieutenant, would have gone away, firmly believing that this country was actually invaded by an enemy's army. The lieutenant forgot to mention that this country was entering the war because it believed that Prussian Militarism must be

tramped on by the creation of a corresponding militarism. He confined his attention entirely to mothers, wives and sweethearts, and how their brave faces were full of silent reproach, for those men who hadn't enlisted. He may have believed this to be an excellent appeal to his audience, but if he did, he was wrong, for nobody in the crowd stepped forward to enlist, after the end of his speech.

Another first-lieutenant took the stand. He began, by saying that the conscription-bill, would be signed by the President, within twenty-four hours, and that no one in the crowd before him, could save himself by not coming forward that day. Then he said that the men who volunteered at present, were the only real heroes, and broadly hinted at what he thought of men who had to be forced to join their country's army, in time of war.

I could not slip into the minds of the people about me, but I longed to, for something was puzzling me. Many scores of men of military age stood near me. They had all been plainly challenged and directly insulted, by the lieutenant. If they were all true and enthusiastic patriots, why did they submit so tamely to his direct accusation of cowardice, and his veiled implication of contempt? Yet I hesitate to believe that nearly all of them were unpatriotic, because the numbers of men, standing about me, would have made that a still more puzzling conclusion. Fighting through compulsion obviously doesn't prove patriotism. It's only proof is voluntary service. So I had a plausible basis for believing that the particular crowd which listened to the lieutenant's speech had a patriotism not above suspicion. And also, the other large crowds hearing his stern challenge, without one man stepping out to enlist. When I walked away, I believed that a very large number of people in this country, didn't care to enter the war. But a man who was walking away with me, told me I had probably come to this recruiting platform on an off-day in which the slight element of people not interested in proving their patriotism by fighting happened to form a majority of the listeners.

But I returned to this recruiting-station for the next three days, and saw only two men come forward to enlist. So there were certainly quite a few off-days

CORRESPONDENCE

Seattle, Wash., May 1, 1917.

MY DEAR EMMA:

Just got home after an all day's glorious International day celebration, and found your letter waiting for me. I am tired as a dog to-night, but have renewed hope for the working class. We, the International Workers' Defense League of Seattle, of which I am a member and one who first started its organization, have been agitating for a general strike of the Pacific coast workers for May 1st as a protest against the hanging of Tom Mooney. When this idea was first sprung at the League by F. H. Brown, it was given the laugh, but just the same the idea grew until many of the unions had passed by unanimous vote to strike, and it was endorsed by the Central Labor Council. The time was set at from 11 A. M. to 11:10 A. M., a ten minute protest strike. While it was only ten minutes, it was effective in that it made the masters sit up and take notice. Many of the workers quit for the whole day.

We had a parade from the I. W. W. hall to the cemetery on Queen's Own Hill where the murdered Everett victims sleep. And we also made it the occasion for the scattering of the ashes of Joe Hill, Jessie Lloyd and Pat Brimsen. Lloyd and Brimsen were both members of the I. W. W. in Seattle, and it was their wish that their ashes be scattered to the breeze. The ashes of these two workers together with Joe Hill's ashes were scattered over the graves of the boys who died in Everett's battle.

The parade was the grandest spectacle I ever witnessed in Seattle. We were four abreast in the line of march which extended from the I. W. W. Hall clear up to the Washington Hotel. Several thousand were in line; each member of the parade wore a red carnation. The American flag was carried at the head of the procession, and for this reason the Russian workers declined to march in the line but formed on the opposite side of the street and marched to the cemetery with us carrying the RED FLAG. All hail to the Russian rebels!

As the idea of the general strike grew, so grew this idea and by the time we were half way to the cemetery,

someone had raised the red flag in our ranks. At the graves, speeches were delivered in the following languages: Italian, Russian, Swedish, Hungarian and English. The International and many songs written by Joe Hill were sung. From the cemetery we went to the county jail where many of the Everett prisoners are incarcerated. We gathered around the jail and sang songs to those on the inside. The prisoners joined in the songs and let it be known that it was only their bodies that were in bondage, and surely not the minds and spirit of this courageous group.

In rebuttal of the defense, at the trial of Tracy, the State put George Reese on the witness stand. He is the detective who was on the Verona with the I. W. W. on that fateful day. He is just one more Judas, and I wonder if he will have manhood left to the amount of a grain of mustard seed and will go off and hang himself. (He might make good fertilizer for skunk and cabbage.) I had hoped all the time that the rumor that Reese was a Pinkerton would prove false. Not that I had any particular friendship for him, but the fact that I have known him for about four years, and knew him as a speaker for the I. W. W. and a big husky, strong man physically, and then to think that he has turned out to be such a weakling. Physical strength does not seem to stand for principle or have much to do with it.

Berkman is a wonder in his tireless efforts and enthusiasm for the San Francisco boys. He has done splendid work. In fact, all his work is done with such unceasing effort that I wonder what it is that drives him on while others fall by the wayside. The Mooney case looks better now, but instead of a new trial he should have his liberty at once.

Affectionately,

MINNIE RIMERS.

The tremendous victory scored by the I. W. W. through the acquittal of Thomas Tracy and the liberation of all the other victims in the Everett conflict should infuse new courage into all true rebels. Nothing is needed in our land so much now. More and more our enemies are real-

izing the danger which comes to them when as the persecuting attorney said in his plea: "The I. W. W. have learned a very dangerous truth, that when a large number of people dislike a law they can make it ineffective by violating it in such numbers that only a small proportion can be punished. The jails won't hold them; the machinery of justice breaks down."

E. G.

* * *

Los Angeles, May 11, 1917.

Dear Emma:

On Sunday, May the 6th, at a public meeting at the Mexican Plaza of this city, three Mexican speakers, Raul Palma, Odilón Luna and Miguel Tari, were arrested and brutally handled by the local police, without any provocation, as the meeting was orderly and the first speaker arrested, Raul Palma, was not violating any of the laws imposed on the people by the privileged class.

Palma was relating the beautiful deeds of the Russian proletariat and describing the similarity of character, tendencies, traditions and temperament between the Russian and the Mexican peasants, as well as their common aspiration to liberate the land for the use and benefit of all, without bosses or oppressors, when a hand reached to the lapel of his coat and pulled him down from the box in the delicate way the police have to enforce "law and order." Afterwards, Luna and Tari tried to speak and as Palma, were treated in a similar way by the starred thugs.

Once in jail, they were ill-treated and held without any technical charge till Tuesday, May 8th, at 2 p. m., when they were taken to Court and charged with vagrancy, although Raul Palma works for a merchant at the Public Market, and the others, as far as I know, are working people, too. The bail for these "vagrants" was fixed at ONE THOUSAND dollars each—expensive "vagrants," rather.

May 17—The case of Palma et al. has developed into an important one and of a most serious character. They want to deport them to Mexico to certain death.

Raul Palma and Odilón Luna, (Miguel Tarín pleaded

guilty to the original charge of "vagrancy" and is serving now 15 days), as the indictment says, are "arrested pursuant to Departmental Telegraphic Warrant, dated May 12th, 1917, *charged with being Anarchists and found advocating or teaching Anarchy,* in violation of the Immigration Act of February 5th, 1917."

Shall we remain passive? Shall we stand for this crime with folded arms, rheumatic legs and paralized tongues? Shall we incite the enemy to greater outrages by our passivism?

To-day they persecute the Anarchists; to-morrow it will be the I. W. Ws.; afterwards the Socialists and, finally, even the most conservative unionists.

The situation urges some kind of an organization within our ranks, some practical way of concerting our actions so as to reach the public quickly and to be prepared for any emergency.

In the meantime, dear Emma, agitate in behalf of these two men who are now facing death at the hands of the mirmidoms of Venustiano Carranza, to whose dominion the federal authorities want to send them under that murderous Immigration Act of February 5th, 1917.

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

✣✣✣✣

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Auspices of

NO-CONSCRIPTION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

SPEAKERS: Emma Goldman; Alexander Berkman; Harry Weinberger; "Mother" Yuster; Mrs. Stella Comyn Ballantine; Mrs. Shapiro; Leonard D. Abbott; Kate Siebel; Rose Yuster; Robert H. Hutchinson; Louis Baury; Winter Russell; C. L. Fraina and others, among them young men of conscriptable age.

DOORS OPEN 7 P. M.

ADMISSION FREE BOX SEATS 25c

Mothers, Fathers, Sons—Turn Out in Protest Against Conscription!